

MRS. NAGG AND MR.

By Roy L. McCardell.

"DID you ever see such exasperating weather, Mr. Nagg? Of course you do not care! It is nothing to you, and while I do not say that you are to blame, yet it is very strange that you should buy me a handsome set of furs when everybody said we would have a mild winter!"

"Here I have had that ermine set since November, and if I wear them I nearly suffocate from the heat. I could have bought a dozen things of use to me with that money—hats, dresses, gloves—but, no, you rush off without saying a word to me and spend a whole lot of money for a set of ermine, and then we have June and July weather all winter!"

"It is just like a man! Anybody but you would have waited! No, I do not say that you did it on purpose, but it is very strange that you should go and buy me a set of furs and then see my poor heart breaking because it is so warm I cannot wear them."

"You never do anything to please me; you only think of yourself. Will I go downtown with you this afternoon? Why do you ask me that? You know you do not want me to go downtown with you. I have more pride than to inflict myself on you when you do not want me."

"Anyway, I have nothing to wear. If I were like other women, who spend every cent their husbands make on clothes for themselves, I would have plenty to wear. But I never think of myself. I go downtown shopping fully intending to get something for myself, but it always ends in my getting things for you or for the children. Oh, that is true, Mr. Nagg. You do not appreciate it, but it is true. Only yesterday I bought you a pair of socks and half a dozen collars. They are the kind you will not wear because your neck is too short, you say; but they were such a bargain—70 cents apiece or three for a quarter; and if you do not want them Brother Willie can wear them."

"As you only sneer at anything I buy for you out of my few poor little pennies, why, I got them two sizes larger than you wear, so if you do not want them, or if you will not wear them simply because I bought them, they will fit Brother Willie!"

"That poor boy is outgrowing his strength, and he complains that he can hardly wear anything of yours any more. He put on one of your shirts yesterday and it burst in the neckband, and he says he never was so humiliated in his life."

"Other women's husbands go around with them. Mr. Strout goes everywhere with his wife, except when he is travelling for business or is in Europe, or when he goes to his club every night but Saturday, when he has friends at the house playing poker."

"I know there is no use of my hoping you will take me anywhere. You have asked me to go downtown with you, you say? Oh, Mr. Nagg, after the way you have acted, after the way you have spoken to me this day, do you think I would dream myself to go out with you?"

"You'll be sorry some day, Mr. Nagg; you'll be sorry, but it will be too late!"

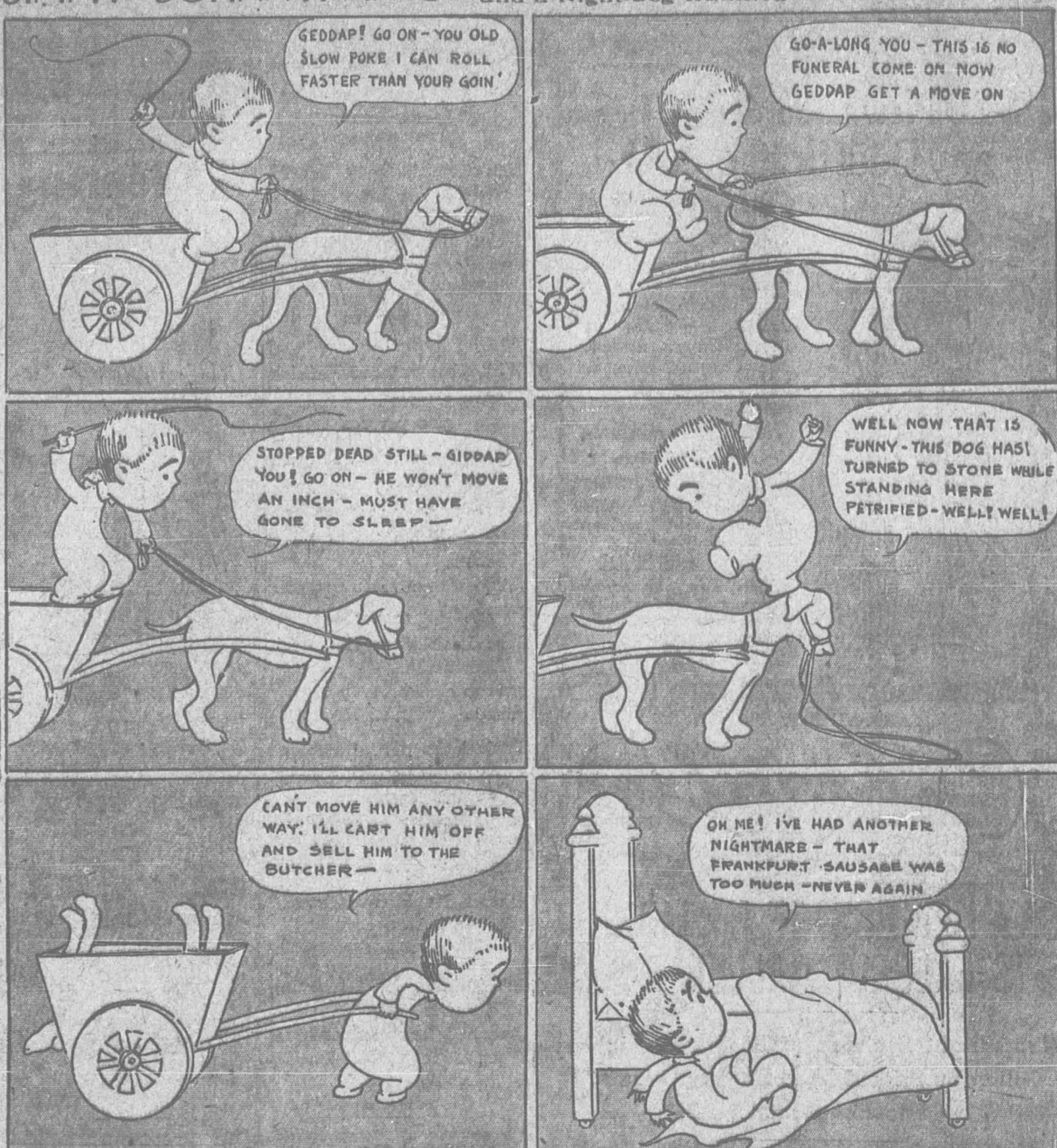
The Love Lock.

By Margaret Roche.

Patriotic out on the winding stair,
A crimson rose in her golden hair;
And one soft lock of burnished light
Escaped the net, a tempting sight,
I stroked it gently with my hand
And begged of her the shining strand.
Percussive at first, she said me "may,"
But soon she yielded to my sway.

JIMMY JOHNNYPANTS

He Ate Too Much Sausage and a Night-Dog Haunted Him. By L. A. Scarl.



In and Out of the Theatres

FOR a man who has been 66 2/3 years, Mozart was very much alive at the Metropolitan Opera-House on Saturday afternoon, when an immense audience paid close attention to his music as they did about the way it was sung. "Don Giovanni" was revived with considerable effect by an "all-star" cast. It was a hit-and-miss performance, with Mrs. Smetana, as Zerlina, making the nearest approach to a hit. Mrs. Smetana, in black velvet, seemed to think herself a grand and lovely Donna Anna, and Mrs. Smetana was in the dark as well as in black as Donna Elvira. The three prima donnas almost ran into one another chasing out of small doors and garden gates to unburden their troubled hearts. Scotti was the gay deceiver, Journal the Leporello, Rossi the Masetto and Muhmann the Commendatore. We prefer Bernard Shaw's hell in "Man and Superman" to any kind that the avenging statue raised on Herr Conrad's badly managed stage.

"GRIERSON'S WAY" has ended its run at the Theatre that will continue for two weeks. On Feb. 12 Henry Miller will produce there a new comedy by J. Harley Manners, entitled "The Discretion of Truth." At the Savoy the Hacketts have raised "The Walls of Jericho" over the ruins of "The House of Silence."

A TALL, sandy-haired man, accompanied by a young and pretty woman, stood before the box office of the Katerbocker Theatre the other evening. "Fritsch Schmitt, 1st 117" the man asked. "Fritsch Schmitt in 'Mlle. Modette,'" the box-office man answered, his hands in the money-drawer, his gaze at some accounts on a sheet at his right.

"Two in the orchestra—nice ones! I've got my wife with me," said the tall man. "Haven't two seats together anywhere in the house?" replied the ticket-seller, without looking up. "Oh! come; it can't be as bad as that," said the tall man. "Do something for us; squeeze us in somewhere." The ticket-seller shifted his gaze from his accounts, to his ticket book without as much as a passing glance at the tall man. "I'll have to separate you from your wife," he said, after a pause, as he abstractedly dropped two old tickets on the glass slab, one for a seat at the right of the orchestra, the other for a chair at the left. "Aw, quit your kidding!" retorted the tall man, with a snarl, as he started for the street with his companion. The box-office man looked from the two old tickets to his customer. Then he tipped the tip of his tongue between his teeth. The tall man was Bob Fitzsimmons.

WILLIAM GILLETTE, who jumped from Charles Frohman's Duke of York Theatre, London, to the Colonial Boston, where he was to present his new play, "Clarion," for one week, has achieved one of the most remarkable theatrical records "the Club" has ever known. His week at the Colonial ended a month ago, but Mr. Gillette is still in Boston with the gates of the city apparently locked and barred against his egress. He has continued to present "Clarion" there under circumstances that are varied and in a strenuous sense violent. This in brief is the story of the enthrallment of Boston by the fascinating Mr. Gillette. His first "Clarion" week was so big that Mr. Frohman desired to continue him at the Colonial, but as there was a tremendous advance sale for Edna May's two weeks there it was impossible to shift the attraction. The manager, however, found a way out of the difficulty; he combined the Edna May and Gillette engagements, giving her the evenings and Saturday matinees at the Colonial and Gillette the five other matinees each week; immediately after each matinee Mr. Gillette and his company took a train out of Boston and played in one of the surrounding towns. This kept Mr. Gillette on the jump for two weeks. His matinees were record-breakers. Boston grew fonder and fonder of him, so Mr. Frohman set about lengthening his stay there. He bought off the Blanche Walsh week at the Park Theatre, and Gillette com-

plained another phenomenal chapter in his Boston career. Last week Mr. Frohman bought off the "Veronique" company at the Hollis Street Theatre, arranging with it to give Gillette the evenings and Saturday matinees and to take the after-noon matinee. "Veronique" is the only company of a company of five people for that number comprising the "Clarion" easy-playing at night in the same theatre where a company of one hundred people played in the afternoon.

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HEART and HOME PAGE for WOMEN

Edited by NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE?

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

"A MAN," said one of the species the other day, "is justified in killing any life that will win a woman. It's all right to say she's the only woman you ever loved. It's necessary. It's all right to say you'll love her forever. You've got to. She won't look at you without the main trouble with women is that they have no sense of humor. In the beginning of a love affair a man is dead serious and the woman doesn't care. In the end it's the other way about. Women are the hardest thing in the world to shake. You start the starving out process—say you're out when they telephone, don't answer their letters, etc., and maybe a few of them quit. But the great majority start in hanging around your doorstep waiting for you to come out, and some of 'em lay for you with a gun."

This little bit of sex philosophy was voiced by a graduate of that somewhere along Broadway where the best is like the worst. Of course it is another way of saying that all is fair in love and war.

Now, we know that all isn't fair in war. Civilization has lent us a slight prejudice against poisoned weapons, dum-dum bullets, etc. In war man may not violate a certain code without dishonor. In love, he does it every day.

The man who proclaimed the belief I have quoted, wouldn't "wetch" on a bet, wouldn't "fix" a jockey for anything in the world. But he thinks, or pretends to think, that it is perfectly legitimate to "wetch" on a woman, to cheat her with lies and flattery of her love.

And yet there are people who say that women have not the fine masculine sense of honor.

His philosophy, if we may call it that, makes love and war the same thing, makes men and women seem to prey upon each other and reduces the beautiful fabric of the love-dream into which all the poetry of the world is woven to a treacherous death-dealing web in which the central spider is sometimes a woman-otter-a-man. The area of belief in it is of course limited. But it is a disheartening foothold in New York where men seek and find the pot of gold which lies at the end of the rainbow of lost illusions and dead desires. Women do not share it, very much. When they do it has been beaten in their hearts by the whisper of scorn. A woman's heart is a precious vase which the first man she loves may fill with the perfume of goodness and beauty, or with the bitterness of death.

The saddest, most irreparable calamity that can occur to man or woman is the loss of the belief in love. Of course they go on loving after their fashion. Even then the brute instincts of the "dear, well-bred beast" in them and truer than the human love which has ceased to believe in itself. Barrie tells us that every time a child says, "I don't believe in fairies," a fairy dies. But every time a man or woman says "I don't believe in love," a star goes out.

BETTY'S BALM FOR LOVERS

How to Propose.
Dear Betty:
I AM a young man of twenty-four. I am in love with a young lady two years my junior. Will you please tell me how to propose to her?
A. X.

The only way to propose is to tell her.

Is He Too Young?
Dear Betty:
I AM a young lady and deeply in love with a young man two years younger than myself. Would you kindly tell me if you think he is too young for me? I think he loves me, but how can I find out for sure?
A. X.

Just better let him alone. I think for a while and see what effort it has on him.

She Loves a Policeman.
Dear Betty:
I AM a young girl of eighteen years and am in love with a young policeman. He is a very nice fellow and he loves me, but I hardly believe him, because every time I go to see him he is with a policeman. He would tell me to go to the police station and see the policeman. He would tell me to go to the police station and see the policeman. He would tell me to go to the police station and see the policeman.

No, the difference in your ages is not great enough to matter. There is an age of mind and heart, and you are young in both. When the man loves you, he loves you. When the woman loves him, she loves him. When the man loves you, he loves you. When the woman loves him, she loves him. When the man loves you, he loves you. When the woman loves him, she loves him.

The Cooking Wrinkle

What It Is and How to Avoid It.



THE newest wrinkle in cooking is the cooking wrinkle. Beauty experts, and to relate, have made the announcement that nothing spoils a woman's loveliness so thoroughly as cooking. The stirring of a pudding, they say, may cause more wrinkles than the wringing of heart strings; the boiling of oysters, save under water, more ravaging tears than the loss of one's heart's desire. Nervousness, worry over the pudding in the oven, the missed chicken in the chafing dish, the cooking wrinkle's forerunner. To avoid it, you must study your nerves and save them at every possible turn.

When cooking, open all the windows. The circulation of women who cook is apt to be poor. They are nearly always cold, and insist on cooking with the windows closed. The result is they shiver all the time and bear their faces in a thousand tiny wrinkles. The kitchen window should be open even in very weather, and in summer it is a good plan to prepare the food as much as possible in the open air, on a table in the back yard if you are a householder. When you cook, try not to worry. Let your mind relax. Think about pleasant and beautiful things and don't gnaw your forehead.

The most unpleasant task about the kitchen is that which leads to the best results—that is, the peeling of potatoes. There is a wrinkle in every onion unless you are careful to cut it in a vessel full of water, holding it well under water all the while.

Avoidance of worry and plenty of fresh air will keep the cooking wrinkle away. If you are getting it, be sure it is because you are fretting, and quit and open the windows before it is too late.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

By Margaret Hubbard Ayer.

A Cure for Warts.
P. Try this cure for warts: Colic, 20 grains; Doan's acid, 15 grains; salicylic acid, 5 grains; cinchona, 5 grains. Rub into the wart two or three times a day. Warts may also be removed by the application of nitrate of silver and may of the acids, but care must be taken to avoid the application of the acids to the surrounding skin.

To Reduce Weight.
M. There is no rational method for losing flesh except the old-fashioned advice—diet and exercise—both of which you may have used. Mechanical massage is helpful for enlarged hips and the following formula for an overgrown bust: Iodine of potassium, one gram; vasoline, fifty grains; lanoline, fifty grains; tincture of benzoin, twenty drops. Rub into a massage and rub all over the bust twice a day, at the same time shake the bust.

Corn Bread.
TWO cups of Indian meal, 1 cup of wheat flour, 1 cup of sour milk, sweetened by a teaspoonful of soda, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1/4 cup of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of butter. Mix very quickly and bake in quick oven.

Cream Waffles.
TWO cups of sour cream, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1/4 cup of sugar, 1/4 cup of butter, 1/4 cup of milk, 1/4 cup of flour, 1/4 cup of baking powder, 1/4 cup of cream. Bake in waffle iron.

Steamed Brown Bread.
O. 1/2 cup molasses, 1/2 cup of sugar, 1/2 cup of milk, 1/2 cup of flour, 1/2 cup of baking powder, 1/2 cup of cream. Bake in waffle iron.

Clider Champagne.
T. 1/2 cup of champagne, 1/2 cup of sugar, 1/2 cup of milk, 1/2 cup of flour, 1/2 cup of baking powder, 1/2 cup of cream. Bake in waffle iron.

Dumplings.
O. 1/2 cup of flour, 1/2 cup of sugar, 1/2 cup of milk, 1/2 cup of flour, 1/2 cup of baking powder, 1/2 cup of cream. Bake in waffle iron.

Science Seeks Grip's Cause.

MANY theories seek to account for influenza. One is that the bodies of the 7,000,000 Chinese drowned when the Yellow River burst its bonds seventeen years ago gave off into the atmosphere a vast burden of poisonous organisms by which to devastate the world. The explanation of the scientist is that there lurks some living poison in the earth and that this brought forth by certain climatic conditions. The necessary conditions are a hot summer, followed by a cold winter and a rainy spring. During the time of drought the earth is cracked and fissured and in time receives into these interstices water which is stagnant and corrupt, to give off, when the hot weather returns, poisonous emanations which make malaria general. Once infected, men wherever they go carry it with them.

May Manton's Daily Fashions.

